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NO. 57 MARCH 1941

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢



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and the
HAUNTED GIRL!
ALSO CAPTAIN MARVEL
VISITS ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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ALL THE POWERS OF THE GREAT-
EST MIND IN THE HISTORY OF THE
WORLD HAVE BEEN GATHERED
TOGETHER AND FOCUSED IN
THE MIND OF THE BOY
REPORTER, **BILLY BITSON.**

WHEN HE RECOGNIZED THE
NAME OF THE ANCIENT MIZARD
SHAZAM! BECAME IN A
BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING
THE MIGHTY **CAPTAIN MARVEL!**
THEN WHEN EVIL IS DEFEATED
AND JUSTICE AGAIN ESTABLISHED
HEAVEN AND EARTH THE WORD
AND CHANGES BACK TO **BILLY**
ONCE MORE. TWO MIZARDS IN
THE CHANGE THAT BOY
PEOPLE NEVER EVEN REALIZE
WHAT HAS HAPPENED!



FORMULA FOR ENJOYMENT!



**CRACKERJACK STORIES
FEATURING CAPT. MARVEL...**

"THE HAUNTED GIRL"

"THE CITY HERMIT OF
ROCHESTER, N.Y."

"THE FORGOTTEN KINGDOM"

"THE PROPHETIC BOOK"

ALSO: CAPE KID-TIGHTWAD TAD-DOPEY DANNY DEE
AND HERO STUFF, A TENSE STORY!

March 23, 1941, Vol. 11, No. 37

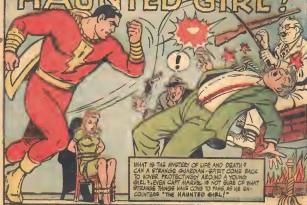
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Capt. MARVEL

and the

HAUNTED GIRL!



WHAT IS THE MYSTERY OF LIFE AND DEATH? CAN A STRANGE GHOSTLY SPIRIT COME BACK TO ROVER PROTECTIVELY AROUND A YOUNG GEL? EVEN CAPT MARVEL IS NOT SURE OF WHAT STRANGE THINGS MAY COME TO PASS IN HIS COUNTRY "THE HAUNTED GIRL!"

IN A LONELY GRAVEYARD, A GIRL SITS HEARTBROKEN BY AT THE GRAVE OF HER FATHER!

DADDY! DADDY!
I'M ALONE NOW...
All DAY!



I HAVE TO MAKE A
LIVING... GET A JOB!
I'M ALL ALONE IN
THE WORLD NOW!
ALONE!

LINDA! STOP
CRYING! YOU'RE
NOT ALONE! I'M
HERE!





IT'S YOUR FATHER, LINDA!
DON'T YOU HEAR ME,
CHILD?

I'M
ALL
ALONE!

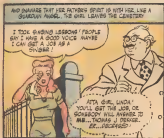


OH I REMEMBER JUST AN
INVISIBLE SOUND 'LINDA'
CAN'T SEE OR HEAR ME AT
ALL 'NOBODY CAN' BUT YOU GOT
TO HELP ME! ALL MY LIFE I
WAS A PHOTOGRAPHER AND TOO
NOT TEMPERED TO HOLD A JOB!
AND NOW MY POOR
DAUGHTER IS
PENKLESS!



THAT'S WHY
I CAME BACK
TO HELP
YOU GET
A JOB!

WELL NO MORE
GRINDING ALL
DAY! I HAVE
TO GO JOB-
HUNTING!



AND BECAUSE THAT HER FATHER'S SPIRIT IS WITH ME, LIKE A
SHADOWY ANGEL, THE GIRL LEAVES THE CEMETERY!

I TOOK DANCING LESSONS ' PEOPLE
SAY I HAVE A GOOD VOICE 'MAYBE
I CAN GET A JOB AS A
SINGER!

ATTN GIRL, LINDA!
YOU'LL GET THE JOB, OR
SOMEBODY WILL ANSWER TO
ME... THOMAS J. DECKER.
SR... DECEASED!



OH DEAR!
WHAT A
DILEMMA!

WHY IT'S MRS. GREGORY THE
OLD LADY WHO LIVES NEAR
ME!

WHAT DO
YOU WANT,
MRS. GREGORY?



YOU'RE AN ORPHAN NOW
DEARS! YOU NEED A
JOB, BE I I HAVE A
JOB FOR YOU, AN
'OCC' CHILD' HAS
ME!

NO, NO, LINDA! DON'T
ACCEPT! THAT OLD DIME
WORKS WITH A GANG OF CROOKS!
OH GOSH, IF ONLY LINDA
COULD HEAR ME!



SR. THOMAS
MRS. GREGORY, BUT
PREPARING TO BE
A SINGER

THAT'S YOUR ANSWER,
YOU OLD WITCH! AND DON'T
BOOTHER MY DAUGHTER
AGAIN!

AWRK!



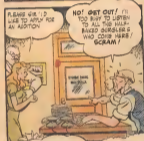
SPET! WHO TURNS MY HAT DOWN ON MY NOSE? I'LL SCRATCH HIS EYES OUT... WHAT? THERE'S NOBODY HERE AT ALL!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, DEARIE!



I'LL TRY FOR AN AUCTION HERE AT THIS RADIO STATION!

ENTER, MY DEAR! YOU'LL BE A FANCY GINGER IN NO TIME! I'LL SEE TO THAT!



PLEASE GIVE ME A JOB TO APPLY FOR AN AUCTION!

NO! GET OUT! I'M TOO BUSY TO LISTEN TO ALL THE HALF-BACKED GIBBERISH WHO COME HERE! SCRAM!



WHY YOU WRETCH! DON'T EVEN LISTEN TO MY DAUGHTER SINCE SHE'S TAKEN THIS!

GOLP!



THE GIRL IS GONE! I'M ALONE IN THE OFFICE! NOW HOW IN THUNDER DID THIS HAPPEN? GULP!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW BROTHER!

THOMAS DECKER! IT WAS YOUR TERRIBLE TEMPER THAT RUINED YOUR LIFE, WHILE ON EARTH! WE HAVE LET YOU RETURN TO THE BARTON BLDG. TO HELP YOUR DAUGHTER, BUT YOU MUST CONTROL THAT TEMPER OR YOU'LL DISAPPEAR!



NOW TO CATCH UP WITH LINDA!

GOOH! I HAVE THE STRANGEST FEELING OF BEING FOLLOWED! BUT IT MUST BE MY IMAGINATION! WELL, I'LL TRY FOR A JOB HERE AT SYDNEY WIRE!

W-Y-E-S, G-G-G!



LINA PERICE RECEIVES A WIDE SMILE BEHIND PRINCEWILLARD HOUSE, OWNER OF STATION WXYZ AND BILLY BATSON'S GREAT BOY NEIGHBORHOOD!

ON BILLY THIS YOUNG LADY WOULD LIKE AN AUDITION. TAKE HER TO THE RECORDING ROOM AND MAKE A RECORD WILL YOU?

SURE, FOLLOW ME MISS PERICE!



WELL, THIS IS MUCH BETTER! LINA IS GETTING A HEARING!

WHY! SHE HAS A NICE VOICE! I THINK SHE'LL GET A JOB!



BUT AS BILLY LEAVED HE ACCIDENTALLY PICK UP THE WRONG RECORD!

HOW TO LET MR. MORRIS HEAR IT?

NO YOU (GIG)! THAT'S THE WRONG RECORD! ON EACH SIDE OF THESE LIVING PEOPLE CAN HEAR ME!



AND SOON BACK IN MR. MORRIS'S OFFICE...

HOW ANVIL (THE NOISE) SOUNDING I EVER HEARD!

OH! IS THAT HOW MY VOICE SOUNDS?

NO!!!



OH GORNY, I'M DEAF! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

YES... I UNDERSTAND!



FOOL! IT'S ALL A STUPID MISTAKE ON MY SO-MAC!

HIS TEMPER ONCE MORE GETTING THE BEST OF HIM THE ANGRY FATHER-SMART WOULD A WISE AT MR. MORRIS!

WHERE DID THAT WAVE COME FROM? MR. MORRIS WILL GET HURT! SHAZAM!



BILLY BATSON QUICKLY TELLS THE EXACT NAME WHICH CALLS DOWN THE WAVE LIGHTNING CAUSING HIM TO BE GREAT... CAPT. MARVEL!





GOOD HEAVENS! WHO THREW THAT
WAG AT ME?



WHENEVER IT WAS
I'LL MAKE HIM...
HOLY MOLLY, THERE'S
NOBODY ELSE
HERE!

SAYS
YOU!



BUT SOMEBODY JUST HAD
TODAY THAT WAG! IF I COULD
LAY MY HANDS ON THE
CULPRIT, FR...

YOU'D DO
WHAT, BIG
BOY?



OH, WELL! I'M JUST
TALKING TO BEHOLD!
THAT RECORD SOUNDED
BUNNY TO BILLY
THOUGH! MAYBE HE
MADE A MISTAKE
AND PLAYED THE
WRONG ONE!

OH, CERTAIN! THAT WAS
JUST MY TEEBIBLE
TEMPER AGAIN! THESE
PEOPLE MEAN WELL!
IT WAS ALL A
MISTAKE!



CAPT MARVEL QUICKLY DISCOVERS THE
ERROR AND SOON RECTIFIES IT!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THAT OTHER
RECORD WAS MADE BY MADAME
SCERBON, WHO CAME FOR AN
AUDITION YESTERDAY! THIS
IS THE RIGHT RECORD!

WELL, NOW WE'RE
GETTING SOMEPLACE!
I SUSPECT THE BIG
RED FELLOW IS DOWN!

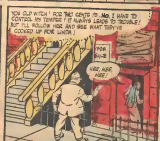
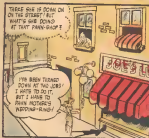


WHY THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL
VOICE! I'LL GIVE THAT
GIRL A JOB!



THERE'S ONLY ONE TROUBLE,
MR. SCERBON... THE GIRL
IS GONE! AND
WE DON'T
LEAVE HER
ADDRESS!

OH, GUILTY!
WHY DID THIS
HAVE TO
HAPPEN?





SHE WILL FOR IT ROSE!
SHE TOOK THE JOB! SHE'LL
BE AT THE CORNER
TWOBT AT MIDNIGHT!

GOOD!

NOW LOOK, GENE! HERE'S WHAT YOU DO!
YOU RUN DA TIPPAI JEWEL SHOP TONIGHT!
DEN YOU CHOICE PASS OVER DA LOOT TO DA
GIRL! SHE'S DA PURE AND INNOCENT-
LOOKING DAT DA COP'S WON'T BOYHIRE
HER AT ALL! DEN WASH DA HEAT'S
OFF! YOU GET DA JEWEL BACK FROM
DA GIRL AN BRING DEN HERE
TO ME!



ALL CLEAR,
BOY!

YES, VERY CLEAR YOU SCOUNDREL! MY
DAUGHTER IS TO RECEIVE STOLEN GOODS!
SHE'LL BE LAUNCHED ON A
CRIMINAL CAREER!



I OUGHT TO TAKE
THAT GUN AND... BUT NO!
I'VE GOT TO GO
AND SAVE LINN
FROM THE
TREACHEROUS
TRAP!



IT'S EARLY, BUT I WANT TO DO
THIS NEW JOB OF MINE WELL!
I'LL BE READY AT THIS
CORNER AT
MIDNIGHT!
LONDON!



GO AWAY, LINN! THEY'RE GOING TO RAPE
STOLEN GOODS TO YOU!... OR SHE CAN'T HEAR
ME! BUT I'VE GOT TO
DO SOMETHING!...



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL GET
THE HELP OF BILLY
BATSON, AND CAPT.
MARVEL!



NOBODY ASKING MONEY!

I'LL GO TO STATION WARE AND FIND OUT WHERE BILLY LIVES!



AM THERE HE IS... ASLEEP!



NO ONE TRYING TO WAKE HIM? I COULDN'T DO IT! BUT I CAN OPERATE THIS TYPEWRITER!



OH... BUT DID I HEAR MY TYPEWRITER GOING!

HE WOK UP! AND NOW HE'LL READ THE MESSAGE!



NOBODY ASKING! BUT HOW HOLBY NOW DID THIS MESSAGE GET HERE?

Dear Billy!
I've looked up on friends
Please help poor Henry in
the name of Jesus and
Dad!
A Friend!



LINDA IN TROUBLE!
... SHAZAM!

HURRAY! HERE COMES CAPT. MARVEL!
I SEE BILLY COMES BEFORE AT STATION WARE!



ONCE AGAIN A BLAST OF MAGIC LIGHTNING BRINGS THE WORLD'S FIGHTING MORTAL!

CAPTAIN MARVEL





ATTN BOY! GIVE HIM ONE FOR ME NOW!



NOW GET THE ONE RIGHT ON THE BUTT!



HERE THEY ARE, OFFICER! THE JUNGLE BOSSERS!

GREAT! CAPT MARVEL! BUT SAY WHERE'S THE LOOT?



LOOK! THE GIRL HAS IT! SHE WAS THEIR ACCOMPLICE!

HOLY MOLLEY! NOW WHAT!

OH HEAVENS! NOW LINDA WILL BE ARRESTED!



BUT CAPT MARVEL! LIGHTNING-LIKE HANDS ONLY PARADOX AN EXCESS!

WAIT! DON'T BE BLISS OFFICER! THE GIRL WAS JUST HOLDING THE LOOT FOR ME WHILE I CLEANED UP ON THEM!

WHAT A BRAIN!
WHAT A BRAIN!
- THAT CLEARS LINDA!



LATER...



THE NEWS COMES TO THE ATTENTION OF THE GANG LEADER....

SO DATE WHAT HAPPENED TO MY MEN LAST NIGHT? SHE SAID BOSS - CROSSED ME AND CALLED IN CAPT. MARVEL!

WE'LL FOR THESE MASCONS IN, BOSS!

LATER, BILLY PATRON CALLS AT LINDA DEKERS ROOM TO BRING HER TO STATION WHIZ

HOW CAN I EVER THANK CAPT MARVEL FOR SAVING ME LAST NIGHT?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! I HAVE STILL BETTER NEWS! MR MORRIS HAS A JOB FOR YOU! COME ALONG!

OH, HOW WONDERFUL! I'LL BE A SHAZZ AT STATION WHIZ!

LINDA! BILLY! LOOK OUT!

WE GOT 'EM!

YES! WE'VE GOT HER!

SHAZZ-AMMO!

LATER...

YA AINT GONNA TAKE NO JOB AT A BARD STATION, BILLY! YA GONNA SLICE YA BOTH UP!

HOLY MOLLY! NO CHANCE TO GET MY GAD OFF! AND HERE COMES THE ARMS... SLOWLY! NEW TORSIONING ME WITH SUSPENSE!

IT WOULD TAKE A MIRACLE TO GET MY GAD OFF NOW! AND MIRACLES JUST DON'T HAPPEN! HA!

I HAD SOME TROUBLE WITH THAT GAD! BUT NOW...

HOLY MOLLY! THE WEAPONS HAPPENED! SHAZZAM!



ONCE AGAIN THE WORLD'S FIGHT-BEST MORTAL TAKES OVER!



HELLO!... AND GOODBYE!

YOU DESERVE THE SAME TREATMENT, YOU OLD WIT, BUT I CAN'T BIT A WOMAN!

BUT YOU CAN, LINDA! GO AHEAD!



YOU DESERVE THIS YOU OLD HAG, FOR NEARLY WRECKING MY WHOLE LIFE!

ATTA GUY!



LATER, WHEN THE POLICE HAVE TAKEN THE GROOMER INTO CUSTODY...

NOW FOR YOUR BIG DEBUT AT STATION WAZ, LINDA!



DELIGHTFUL! I'LL GIVE HER A CONTRACT!

AS MY JOB IS DONE?



WELL, POLS, LINDA HAS HER JOB! YOU KNOW, FOR A WHILE I THOUGHT SHE MUST HAVE SOME SORT OF SUPER-NATURAL HELPING HER! BUT I GUESS THAT WAS JUST MY IMAGINATION!



WELL, THAT'S THAT! I CAN GO BACK HUSSE I BELONG NOW AND REST IN PEACE!





CAPTAIN MARVEL

AND THE CITY HERMIT OF ROCHESTER, N.Y.



ON HIS TOUR OF CITIES, BILLY BATSON ARRIVES AT ROCKY MOUNT, N.Y.'S MUNICIPAL AIRPORT, AND IS MET BY MORRIS "MOBBY" MANSON, OF THE WINSON NEWS AGENCY.

AND HERE ARE THE FOUR CORNERS, AND THE POWERS BUILDING.

THIS IS ALL VERY INTERESTING, MOSTLY, ROCHESTER SEEMS TO BE FILLED WITH MODERN UP-TO-DATE ARCHITECTURE.

HELLO, MR. MANSON.

CALL ME MOBBY, BILLY! HOP INTO MY CAR, AND I'LL TAKE YOU AROUND ROCHESTER A BIT.

HERE ARE THE OFFICES OF EASTMAN KODAK, BILLY, FILING FOR THEIR RADIO-GRAFIC PROGRAM.





BILLY, EVER ON THE LOOKOUT FOR INTERESTING NEWS FOR HIS RADIO BROADCASTS, KNOCKS ON THE DOOR OF THE STRANGE HERMIT IN THE MIDDLE OF A BUSY CITY!

A HERMIT USUALLY LIVED IN A CAVE, HUNDREDS OF MILES FROM THE NEAREST HUMAN! THIS ONE HAS HUMAN FRIENDS BY THE TOWNARD ALL AROUND HIM!



BUT LISTEN, GUY! LET ME COME IN A MINUTE AND TALK TO YOU. YOU SEE, I'M FROM STATION WHIZ AND...





YOU LOOK LIKE A GENTLEMAN!
NOW I WISH I HADN'T LOCKED!



YOU'RE TOO
FOND OF ME TO
RESIST! BUT WHAT
DO YOU WANT?

IN THE MIDDLE OF A CITY
YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO
DON'T YOU AND
HUMANITY? AND YOUR
HOUSE IS AN EYE-SORE
IN ROCHESTER?



MAN! LET ME ALONE!
WHAT DO I CARE WHAT
MY HOME LOOKS LIKE?

I'M GOING TO MAKE
YOU CARE! I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU
AROUND THE CITY, AND MAKE YOU AGRAMED
OF THIS FILTHY HOLE!

NO! LET
GO! I CAN'T
GO OUT - - -
I SIMPLY
CAN'T!



I'LL TRY YOU CAN'T,
HERMAN FLATFIELD!



HOW?
WHO ARE
YOU?

I'M ROCHESTER GULL, THE
HERMIT'S AGENT! I BRING HIM
HIS FOOD AND THINGS. I ALSO
COLLECT HIS RENT FOR HIM. YOU
KNOW HE OWNS A WHOLE SQUARE
BLOCK OF PROPERTY AROUND HERE,
AND GETS THE RENT FOR IT FROM
OTHER BUILDINGS!

HE CAN'T! YOU SHOULDN'T
STICK YOUR NOSE INTO
AFFAIRS YOU KNOW NOTHING
ABOUT! LOOK AT THESE NOTES!
HERMAN FLATFIELD, THE HERMIT,
GOTS ONE OF THESE EVERY
MONTH!

HOW RICH? THEN ALL
THE MORE REASON FOR HIM
TO GIVE UP THIS ONLY HERMIT
LIFE, AND BECOME A
GOOD CITIZEN!



Down, Herman
Flatfield! Sit watching!
Don't step onto your
house! you know
what will happen to
you, don'tcha?
- Weeks
Mr. Gull



BOUNDS
LIKE A
FEND!

EXACTLY! THE MURKOV
AND PLATFIELD HAVE PLEDGED
FOR A HUNDRED YEARS (HOWMAN
HERE IS THE LAST OF THE
PLATFIELD) AND HE DOESN'T
DARE WALK OUT OF THE
HOUSE, OR MACE MURKOV WILL
GET HIM! NOW DO YOU
SEE WHY HERMAN HAS
BECOME A HERMIT?

NOW HERE'S YOUR
LATEST MONTHLY RENTAL
FROM THE PROPERTY YOU
OWN, HERMAN - \$22.00

ONLY \$22.00! THAT'S REALLY
A SMALL AMOUNT FOR
SUCH VALUABLE PROPERTY!

WHY --- BE --- IT'S AN OLD
CONTRACT MADE YEARS AGO
AND YOU NEED MONEY, HERMAN,
AND DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES
STEPPING OUT OF THE HOUSE.
MACE MURKOV IS WAITING
FOR THIS!

I WANT.



STOP! DON'T
TAKE ME OUT! BACK
TO DOMING FOR
ME ...

BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL
WANTS A SUDDEN
PRISONER!

HASH UP! IF
THE MACE MURKOV TALKS
ANYTHING, HE'LL ANSWER TO
ME, CAPTAIN MARVEL!



I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU
THE BEAUTY OF THE CITY, HERMAN!
I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT YOU'RE
MISSING BY BEING A HOOR OLD
HERMIT!



PICKING UP A WREST-GUYS, CAPTAIN MARVEL
CONTACTS HERMAN THE HERMIT AROUND ROCKEBSTER!

WH, LET'S SEE, OH YEA,
THIS IS THE PALACE POWER HOTEL,
MADE FROM DOWN TO COURT!
WHY IT A GRAND-LOOKING
PLACE!

BAH!



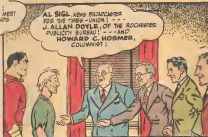
AND HEREY THE
GEMMED BEEP GEM!
SEE WHAT YOU'VE
BEEN MISSING?

BAH!



BUT RECOVERING, THE HARRID AMBUSHER FLEES AND RING OUT OF THE ALLEY TO THE EASTMAN THEATRE!







CAPT. MARVEL

and the

FORGOTTEN KINGDOM!

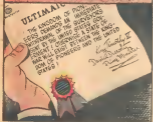


HALT, FOREIGNER!

WOLY MOLEY!
 WONT TELL THE
 UNITED STATES,
 ANYMORE?

FORGOTTEN
 KINGDOM
 OF PONDICHERRE

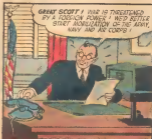
AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON A
 STORAGE MESSAGE IS RECEIVED!



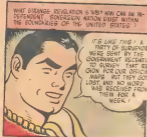
ULTIMATE

THE FREEDOM OF PONDICHERRE
 IS BEING DEMAND AS
 AN INDEPENDENT STATE OF
 THE UNITED STATES OF
 AMERICA. THE UNITED STATES
 WILL NOT RECOGNIZE THE
 UNION OF PONDICHERRE AND THE UNITED STATES.

*Very Respectfully
 Dwight D. Eisenhower
 President*



GREAT SCOTT! WAR IS THREATENED
 BY A FOREIGN POWER! WE'D BETTER
 START MOBILIZATION OF THE ARMY,
 NAVY AND AIR CORPS!





THESE THE
TIP OF A TENT. BURIED
IN THE SNOW! MUST
THAT'S THE CAMP OF
THE SURVEYORS!



POOR CREW.
A TERRIFIC SNOWDRIFT
MUST HAVE OVERWHELMED
THEM! THEY MAY BE
FROZING TO DEATH! I HEAR
A GROOM ...

GROAN!



GROAN! I LOST
ANOTHER GAME! I
NEVER WIN AT
PINDDLE!

HOLY MOLEY!

HERE'S COMPANY!
NOBODY!
WE'VE GOT A
FOURTH FOOT
BRIDGE NOW!



DON'T YOU KNOW THE WHOLE COUNTRY
IS LOOKING FOR YOU? EVERYBODY
THINKS YOU'RE LOST AND DYING!

WHAT?

WHY WE JUST
GET SNOWBOUND
AND SETTLER DOWN FOR A
FEW BAGS OF CARDS.
TELL THE GROOM STOP
PAP! WE COULDN'T DO
ANY WORK IN THIS
WEATHER!



WHATNA SNOW? THE
GUYS OUT! IT'S STOPPED
SNOWING!

OHY WE CAN
GET BACK TO
WORK!



NOW WE'LL SURVEY THIS NEW
VALLEY HERE! IT'S NOT
MARKED ON ANY PREVIOUS
MAPS! SURESS NOBODY EVER
STUMBLERD ON IT BEFORE!

I'LL REPORT
HOME THAT YOU
MEN ARE OHY!



"BUT JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE,
A STRANGE THING WAS FOUND BY
THE SURVEYORS, SO STRANGE
THAT I FORGOT TO LOOK!"

HEY WHAT'S THIS? A BUNCH O' MUD?
BUT WHO LEFT THESE OF
THIS KINDNESS OF
POWERFUL?



HALT! YOU ARE ENTERING OUR KINGDOM! SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!

PASSPORTS? ARE YOU KIDDING, MISTER? THIS IS THE UNITED STATES! WE'RE NOT ENTERING ANY FOREIGN COUNTRY!



OH YES YOU ARE! THIS VALLEY IS THE KINGDOM OF PIONEERS! OUR PEOPLE SETTLED HERE 300 YEARS AGO! WE DON'T WANT TO BECOME A COLONY OF ENGLAND, FRANCE OR SPAIN, SO WE DECLARED OUR INDEPENDENCE!



HOLY MOLLY! THESE PEOPLE STILL THINK WE'RE IN THE OLD COLONIZING DAYS WHEN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES WERE ALL TRYING TO SET UP COLONIES IN THE NEW WORLD!

IMAGINE A THING LIKE THAT HAPPENING RIGHT IN THE HEART OF AMERICA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!



BUT DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT YOU ARE NOW PART OF THE UNITED STATES!

UNITED STATES? WHAT'S THAT? NEVER HEARD OF IT!



COME ON MEN! WE'RE WAITING TALK WITH THAT FOP! WE HAVE TO SURVIVE THE VALLEY! LET'S GO!

HALT! OR I FIRE!



HOLY MOLLY! THIS MAN IS SERIOUS!

BOOM!



GIVE ME THAT GUN BEFORE BLOOD IS SPILLED!

AWRUP!



NOW LEAD THE WAY TO YOUR HEAD MAN! I WANT A TALK WITH HIM!

ALL RIGHT, FOLLOW ME!



HOLY MOLLY! THESE PEOPLE LIVE LIKE THE PIONEERS OF THE OLD WEST! NO WONDER THEY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING OF THE UNITED STATES!



NO MAJESTY, TIMOTHY THE SIXTH! THE PRINCESS, ALVERNA, AND THE PRIME MINISTER, DIBDOODY!

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?



SIZE, THESE FOREIGNERS CROGGED OUR BORDER BY FORCE!

ZOUNDS! THEY DARE TO ENTER THE KINGDOM OF PIONEERS BY FORCE? THEY MUST BE IMPRISONED!



BUT LISTEN---EE---SIZE! YOU ARE VERY STRONG THE TRUTH! THE VALLEY IS NOW PART OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA! YOU'RE AMERICANS NOW, NOT A SEPARATE KINGDOM! AND YOU ARE NOT A KING! YOU'RE JUST THE ---WELL, THE MARSH OF THE VILLAGE!

THIS IS TREASON! HAVE HIM GAZED!



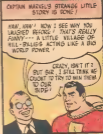
WAIT, PARTNER! REMEMBER THE EXPLORER WHO CLIMBED THE MOUNTAIN AND SAW THE LAND BEYOND? HE CAME BACK, TELLING US ABOUT THE UNITED STATES WHICH USED ALL AROUND US! NOW WE KNOW HE TOLD THE TRUTH!

HE-H-H! PERHAPS WE HAD BEEN SAGGY



NO, SURE! DO NOT LISTEN TO THEM! THEY ARE SPIES, SENT TO BETRAY US! AGONY! AND THE UNITED STATES! AND THESE FOREIGNERS OWEY PRO-DANCE! REMEMBER, YOU ARE THE KING!

YOU ARE RIGHT, DIBDOODY! GUNDS, GAZED THEM!





AND SO ONCE MORE CAPT MARVEL MAKES HIS WAY TO THE TINY KINGDOM OF PIONEERS!

LET'S SEE THE CALLS FOR DIPLOMACY! SO FIRST, HE GOES AN AMBASSADOR FROM WASHINGTON!



YOUR MAJESTY! I PRESENT THE AMBASSADOR FROM THE UNITED STATES!

AN' THEY ARE SPENDING AN IMPORTANT SIDE OFFENSE TO NEGOTIATE WITH US!



WHAT? YOU ASK?

YES, SIRE! MY GOVERNMENT WISHES TO APOLOGIZE FOR--- ER--- VIOLATING YOUR BORDERS! BUT WE INSIST THAT YOU ALLOW US TO SURVEY THE VALLEY!



THE UNITED STATES APOLOGIZED! AND THEY ONLY WANT TO SURVEY THE VALLEY! THAT IS REASONABLE, FATHER!

MY, YES! RELEASE THE THREE PRISONERS, AND...



BUT LOOK, THE PRIME MINISTER OWNS EVIL COUNSEL!

NO, SIRE! IT IS BUT A TRICK! THEY WISH TO SURVEY THE VALLEY SO THEY CAN SEND AN ARMY TO CONQUER US!

HMM! A PLOT AGAINST MY THRONE, HA!



BUT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

SILENCE, WAGET! GO! GO BACK TO YOUR GOVERNMENT AND INFORM THEM THAT THE KINGDOM OF PIONEERS DECLARES WAR ON THE UNITED STATES!



WHAT? OH, HA, HA, HA! YOUR DINKY LITTLE KINGDOM DECLARES WAR ON AMERICA! REALLY, TIMOTHY--- HAW, HAW, HAW!

YOU LAUGH? YOU FOOL! YOU SHALL SEE HOW POWERFUL WE ARE! GO TELL YOUR GOVERNMENT TO ATTACK--- IF IT DARES!



BUT IT IS THE WORLD'S
RIGHTMOST MORTAL, AND...

OH!

BLAM!

YIII!

TWO DOWN---EIGHT TO
GO! I ADMIT MY TEAM WAS
JUST PUT THEM OUT OF ACTION!

...TEN! GOT ANY
RESERVES?
GENERAL!

NO! MY
WHOLE ARMY IS
DEPLETED!

WE FOUGHT WELL, BUT WE WERE
--OR--OUTNUMBERED! I TRUST
YOU MY SURRENDER, AND THE
SURRENDER OF THE KINGDOM OF
PIONEERS!

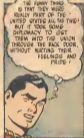
I ACCEPT
IN THE NAME OF
THE UNITED
STATES!

HE WAS LOST, SAID GENERAL
MARVEL, OF THE UNITED
STATES ARMY, SAID HE WOULD
SEND A DIPLOMAT TO SIGN
THE PEACE TREATY!

ORAN!
PERHAPS I CAN GET A
SOFT PRICE, IF THE DIP-
LOMAT IS A KIND MAN!

THE UNITED STATES DIPLOMAT
REPORTING: GIRD!

WHAT???
NOT YOU AGAIN? FIRST
YOU ARE THE AMBASSADOR!
THEN THE GENERAL OF THE
ARMY! AND NOW THE DIPLO-
MAT TO MAKE PEACE! WHAT?
THERE ARE OTHER PEOPLE
IN THE UNITED
STATES OR
CAPT YOU?



**DOES
DANNY
DEE
DRAW
INTEREST!**



IT'S A KNOCKOUT!

SEND THIS COUPON FOR A FREE COPY

CAPTAIN MARVEL
 11 West Pepper Ave., Greenville, Conn.

How Express Marvel

Please enroll me as a member of the growing **CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB**. I enclose \$5.00 to help in covering the cost of printing. Also, I understand that I can to receive my **CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD**, which contains the same news, and the **CAPTAIN MARVEL MEMBERSHIP BADGE** along with many other surprises.

Name _____ Age _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please be sure that your name is typed and correctly spelled and your membership will not be back up.

HERO STUFF

BY LEE FREDERICKS

MA JONES wiped her hands on the apron that girded her expansive waist and smiled at the short-order man.

"Another day," she said wearily. "I don't think there'll be any more business. You can go home any time now."

Jimmy O'Brien smiled back at her.

"Just a few more things to clean up and I'll be ready," he told her. "You look tired, though. Maybe you better get along and let me finish up here alone."

He glanced out into a murky night. Jimmy could barely see the road only twenty feet away through the sheets of blinding rain which came pouring against the windows of the diner. Now and then a meteor of light would glare down the road and a car would come along going much too fast for this kind of a night, but as far as the diner was concerned, the last downstate truck for the night had passed and they were ready to close.

As Jimmie turned from the window, another light hurtled along the road past the diner. Then there was a squeal of brakes as the car stopped and backed up toward the diner. Jimmie turned to Ma Jones, who was at the door of the rest room.

"Looks like we have another one before the day is done," he said. "I'll take care of it."

The door to the diner opened and a man in a light topcoat entered.

"Four Jaws and four ham sandwiches to go," he said gruffly as he sat on a stool, "and make it snappy."

Silently Jimmie started to fill the order. He had just reached for the ham when he heard a scream.

Jimmie's hand hovered in mid-air over the meat as the wail reached his ears. It had such an eerie quality that to Jimmie it sounded like the cry of a lost soul, searching for its release. He glanced up to look into the eyes of the man sitting at the counter before him. His customer had a gun pointed directly at his chest.

"No curiosity, Bub," the man said in a low menacing voice. "Just fill that order and nothing will happen."

A gasp behind him made Jimmie turn. Ma Jones, who had been in the rest room cleaning up, just entered.

The man at the counter jumped up with a snarl and moved to the side where he could cover them both.

"Okay, sister," he warned her in an ominous tone, "get over there by the boy friend and stay put." As she passed him, he wiped the gun barrel along her arm, leaving a long red welt where the sight had cut into her flesh.

Jimmie's eyes narrowed and his face turned pale. Ma Jones didn't even whimper, though the crime, as Jimmie knew, was painful.

Jimmie looked around. The only possible weapon was the knife lying on the sandwich counter. He smiled with grim satisfaction. The man before him did not know he was an expert at knife-throwing. He had gotten his experience the hard way stealthily trekking miles across alien jungle where a gun shot would bring a

swarm of Japs on his back. He automatically finished the sandwiches for his eyes never left the thug's face.

Then as he wrapped them up and placed them in a bag, he picked up the knife. The glass counter was in the way for really accurate throwing but Jimmie flipped the knife from his hand in a subconscious reaction sailing it straight through the air so that it caught the thug's pistol hand flush. The gun clattered to the floor and as it hit, Jimmie came over the counter in a commando jump. He landed feet first on the chest of the gunman, and both fell to the floor with a loud thud. The full weight of Jimmie's body knocked his adversary unconscious.

Jimmie scrambled to his feet and looked into the troubled eyes of Ma Jones.

"Jimmie, is he dead?"

"No, just out cold," he said with a smile as he handed her the gun. "Here, you take this, in case he comes to. These birds outside seem to want service." Jimmie disappeared into the storeroom and was stuffing something into his pocket when he came back.

Ma Jones' face was worried as she held the gun pointed at the unconscious form on the floor, but she didn't question Jimmie as he started for the door of the diner although she could have told him she was afraid, desperately afraid.

Characters of all types stopped at her place when they were heading south toward the border. Some were gay kids, others sophisticated movie people on their way to

a day at the races. But some had a look in their eyes which made her uncomfortable and at those times she felt as though she should sell the place and settle down in a quiet home far away.

ALL THESE things raced through her mind as Jimmie headed for the door with the coffee and sandwiches but she kept her lips firmly closed.

The door clanged shut behind Jimmie and he was blotted from her sight as he went down the steps to the car. She couldn't see him as he walked up to the car and shoved the bags through the window.

Two hands reached out and grabbed the paper bags.

"What's happened tub Tony?" a voice growled from inside the car.

"He's inside," Jimmie said keeping his voice low, "ask for me to bring the stuff out while he had a cup of Java in there."

The deep voice grumbled to someone in the back seat in a low tone which Jimmie could not hear. Meanwhile, Jimmie silently unscrewed the cap of the gas tank and placed one end of the rubber hose which he had taken from the storeroom into the gas tank. He was thankful it was raining so hard and that the night was so black.

Jimmie hastily slipped the other end of the hose into the exhaust pipe and moved to the front of the car.

"You go in and tell that lug tub get out here and fast," the voice growled at him.

Jimmie sighed as he put the cap from the gas tank into his pocket, and silently prayed that it would work.

"Well, what d'ya want?" the deep voice roared again.

"I thought you might want me to bring something else," Jimmie retorted and turned and scuttled through the rain. As he reached the doorway of the diner he heard the car door slam.

"Give me that gun and duck," he told Ma. "We might have trouble."

Without a word she dropped behind the counter just as the door flew open. The report of the shot in her ears as Jimmie fired was like a sixteen-inch gun. There was an ominous creak and the door slammed shut.

"Missed him," Jimmie said ruefully. "We'd better phone the highway patrol."

OUTSIDE there was a mesh of gears and the car sped out of the parking space in front of the diner.

The five minutes between the time the car had departed and the arrival of the highway patrol seemed an eternity. The man on the floor was breathing but in stertorous gasps.

The highway patrolman entered the diner, took one look at the recumbent form and then gasped.

"You sure picked 'em tough," he said and then whistled. "That is Pedro Fernandez, one of the Los Angeles tough boys. What'd he do, try to dip your joint?"

Jimmie told him all that had happened, but before he finished they heard an explosion. He hurried the patrolman out of the diner. "Come on, I'll tell you the rest on the way. They can't be far."

The sky was glowing in the distance and they could see the flames even through the heavy deluge. The patrolman continued, "I think this might be a lead on that Duval case. I'll radio headquarters."

Jimmie started to complete his story but by this time they arrived at the scene of the flames. They jumped out of the police car and ran up to the burning auto. Jimmie opened the back door and carefully pulled out a large bundle. The patrolman helped him and they carried it over to one side. Jimmie rapidly slit open the burlap bag and they stared at the unconscious form of a girl.

The patrolman looked closer

and then dashed back to his car and returned with a flashlight. He half whispered, "Gloria Duval, the movie actress." He bent down and felt her pulse. "She's only fainted."

"The others can't be far from here. I'm going to look around," and Jimmie went off into the darkness. The patrolman disappeared too but in a few seconds returned. There was no sign of them. He looked around and saw Jimmie who had caught one trying to escape dragging the unconscious victim by the shoulders.

The piercing ring of a siren informed them that a squad car had arrived, and immediately they were joined in the search by the troopers.

Jimmie and the patrolman were explaining to the sheriff when the troopers returned with the second captive.

The sheriff was speaking now. "Good job, son. But tell me how'd you know they wouldn't have made a clean getaway. This'll make a hero of you."

"I ain't no hero," Jimmie said slowly, "they just made me mad when I knew they were holding someone prisoner." He took the gasoline cap from his pocket and handed it to the sheriff. "I put one end of a hose into the gas tank and another into the exhaust pipe. I knew that the car would backfire and a spark from the exhaust pipe would ignite the gas causing an explosion."

The sheriff looked puzzled. "How did you know we wanted those guys in the first place?"

"I didn't know for sure until I got to the car," Jimmie said. "But to my counting there were two guys in the car and one guy in the diner. That meant three guys. I saw something large on the floor in the back of the car. The order tipped me off that the bundle could have been a person. Three guys but four coffees and four sandwiches were ordered. See what I mean?"

The End

Captain MARVEL

and the
PROPHETIC BOOK!



A SCIENCE PROFESSOR JOEL BROMPTON, MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH A DENSE FOREST...

THIS IS OLD INDIAN COUNTRY. I GOINT TO FIND SOME CLAY TABLETS OF ANCIENT WRITINGS OF THE EARLY AMERICAN NATIVES AROUND HERE!



TO THE PROFESSOR'S SURPRISE THE CURIOUS OLD BOOK HAS A STRANGE TITLE!



GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S A BOOK OF PROPHECY! THIS OLD BOOK TELLS WHAT CAPT MARVEL'S EXPLOITS WILL BE IN THE PRESENT!



THIS IS AMAZING! ASTONISHING! A BOOK OF PROPHECY WRITTEN MANY YEARS AGO! I MUST HURRY HOME AND READ IT ALL!

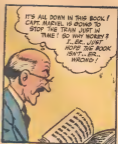


LATER, AN PROF. BRONFONN RETURNS HOME ON THE TRAIN...



AND WHEN THE TRAIN GOES AROUND A CURVE...





CAN THE STRANGE BOOK OF PROPHECY BE RIGHT? WILL CAPT MARVEL APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE TO PREVENT DISASTER AHEAD? WILL THE TRAIN SCREECH AROUND THE CURVE AND...

BUT ONE OF THE PASSENGERS IS NONE OTHER THAN BILLY BATSON, ESCAPING FROM A NOVA ASSIGNMENT IN THE COUNTRY!

WHEN THE BOY NOW CAPTIVE SHOWS THAT HE CAN IT BRING TWO THUNDER, BRASS LIGHTNING AND THE GREAT CAPT. MARVEL!



AND THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL IS QUICKLY ON THE JOB!



CAPTAIN MARVEL



SOON, CAPT. MARVEL!
YOU SAVED US FROM A
TERRIBLE MISCON!

SOON MORE,
CAPT. MARVEL! BUT
OF COURSE I KNOW
ALL THE THING
YOU WOULD
GIVE THE TRAIN!
IN PROGRESS
EXCITATION.

OH! NOW
COULD YOU
KNOW WHAT
I'D DO IN
ADVANCE?



Just as the train started about to
leave the room, Capt. Marvel flew
in. He...
and stopped it.

SEE? IT'S
PREDICTED IN
THIS BOOK OF
PROPHECY!

NOO!
MOLEY!



THAT BOOK IS AS OLD
AS THE HILL! HOW COULD
SOME WRITER, A LONG TIME AGO,
TELL ABOUT THINGS I'D DO FAR
IN THE FUTURE?

AMAZING! HBT IT'S BY THE
WAY, REE'S SOMETHING MORE!
IT SAYS THAT WHILE THE
TRAIN IS STOPPED...



HEY, AREN'T YOU
LISTENING?

NO! I
HEAR A
TELL!

HELP!
...UGH!

A CONTACTED CRIMINAL, BEING TAKEN TO PRISON BY A
DETECTIVE, HAS TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF THE EMERGENCY-
STOP TO TRY AN ESCAPE!



MAN! DA DICK
WAS SO INTERESTED
IN WATCHIN' WHAT HAP-
PENED, DAT I WAS ABLE
TO KNOCK HIM OUT!
NOW TO FIND HIS
KEY AND UNLOCK
DA HANDCUFFS...



I CAN HIDE
IN DA WOODS!



ULPS!

HELLO! HOW'S SOMEBODY'S?



UNGS!

YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP THROUGH THE REST OF YOUR TRIP!



YOU ALL RIGHT, OFFICER? HERE'S YOUR PRISONER! HE WON'T GIVE YOU ANY MORE TROUBLE!

OH... THANKS, CAPT. MARVEL!



NOW, PROFESSOR, WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE SAYING BEFORE?

JUST THAT YOU WERE GOING TO DO EXACTLY THAT... PREVENT A CERTAIN PRISONER ESCAPING FROM HIS DETECTIVE BOARD! THAT IS DOWN IN THAT BOOK, TOO!



AS THE TRAIN RESUMED ITS JOURNEY....

HOLY MOLEY! DOES THE BOOK PREDICT EVERYTHING I DO?

EVERYTHING IN 1940! HOWEVER, THAT OLD-TIME PROPHECY HAD NO BUREAU OF ALL THOSE SORTS, INCLUDING THE ORACLE OF DELPHI, AND NOSTRADAMUS!



SO LONG!

I MUST HURRY HOME AND READ THE REST OF THE BOOK!

IF BETTER YIELD FOR STATION MALE? BUT, WHAT A NEWS ITEM FOR BOB TO RECAP-CAPT!



LATER, AT STATION WXYZ...

POOR! A SENSATIONAL FBI HAS BEEN HAD BY PRISON ESCAPER, THE BOOK! AS IT'S AN ANCIENT BOOK, AND IT PREDICTS ALL THE EMPLOYEES OF CAPT. MARVEL! IT'S THE MOST AMAZING AND PROPHECY BOOK EVER KNOWN!





AND THE SCOUNDREL PUBLISHER HAS
TAKEN OFF WITH THE PRICELESS BOOK
OF PROPHECY!

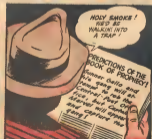
THE NEXT DAY...



MEANWHILE, AT A CRIME DEN, THE NOTORIOUS
GANG LEADER, GOMBER GALLO, PLAYS WITH
HIS MENCHEN!



HEY, BOSS! WE GOTTA CALL IT OFF! DIS IS
MAGIC OR SOMETHIN'! OUR WHOLE CRIME JOB IS
DOWN IN DA WINDHOLE! AND IT SAYS DAT
CAPT. MARVEL STOMP US!



CAPTAIN MARVEL

BUT, WAIT! LET'S PLAY SMART! INSTEAD OF ROBBIN' DA MAIN POST-OFFICE, WE'LL GO AN' KNOCK OFF DA BRANCH OFFICE! HA, HA! DAT BOOK OF PROPHECY DONE US A GOOD TURN!

AND SO, TIRED OFF BY THE UNCOMFY SEDE OF PROPHECY, THE GANG MAKES ITS WAY TO THE BRANCH POST-OFFICE!

CAPT MARVEL WOULD STOPPED US AT AN OTHER PLACE! BUT HE WON'T BE HERE! HE CAN'T BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE! LET'S GO!

ROBBERS!

BANG!

GEAS ON 'EM, BOYS!

BUT LOOK WHO IS MAKING A LEAVE AT THIS MOMENT... SHUN BATEMAN!

SOUNDS LIKE A HORREN... SHAZAM!

BANG!

ADAM MAGIC LIGHTS AND BURNS THE WOULD'VE MIGHT'EST MORTAL!

BODY

YIFE! LOOK! CAPT. MARVEL!

BUT... BUT DAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

IMPOSSIBLE, IS IT? IS THIS JUST YOUR IMAGINATION?

YOWW!

BAM!

THE REPERATE GANG RE-SORTS TO GUN-FIRE!



BUT BILETY HAVE NO ROCKS EFFECT ON THE WORLD'S MOSTEST ACEDAL TIAN FEATHERS!



YOU'LL FIND THE BEST OF THE GANG HERE! HERE'S GONNER GALLO!

BROAN! HEVE CAHNT AFTER ALL! DON DAT BOOK OF PROPHECY IS ALL DA KING! IT SAID DAT YOU WOULD STOP US AT DA CENTRAL POST-OFFICE, BUT NOT HERE, AT DA BRANCH!



NO, THE BOOK WASNT WRONG! IT SAID THE CENTRAL POST-OFFICE, WHICH MEANT THE BRANCH AT CENTRAL STREET! SEE?



COME ALONG GONNER NOW!

SAY! I DONT THINK PROFESSOR BRIDGEMAN WOULD RUN THE BOOK FOR CASHP PURSACITY!



THAT IS DANGEROUS! IT LATE COODOR KNOW HOW I'LL STOP THEIR GAMES! I MUST PREVENT THE PROFESSOR FROM RELEASING ANY MORE INSTILLMENTS FROM THE BOOK OF PROPHECY!





LISTEN, PROFESSOR,
I'm... *HEY, somebody's
HERE!* *WHERE'S THE
BOOKSHELF?*



THUMP!
THUMP!

A TRAMPING SOUND, FROM
UP ABOVE,
SOUNDS LIKE
THE ATTIC!



SOMEONE'S
IN THAT
TRUNK!

THUMP

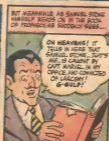


HOLY MOLEY!
PROF. BRONXTON!
DID YOU GET
LOCKED IN THE
TRUNK BY
ACCIDENT?

NOT SAMUEL STONE,
THE PUBLISHER, PUT ME
IN HERE! AND HE TOOK THE
BOOK OF PROPHECY TO
PUBLISH IT AND
MAKE MONEY!



I SEE! WE'LL
WANT MR. STONE'S
THE
INFORMATION ABOUT
ME IN THAT BOOK
IS TOO IMPORTANT
TO BE PUBLISHED!



BUT MEANWHILE, AS SAMUEL STONE
HIMSELF READS ON IN THE BOOK
OF PROPHECY, HE SUDDENLY SEES...

OH HEAVENS! IT
TELLS IN HERE THAT
SAMUEL STONE... *THAT'S*
MR. S. IS CAUGHT BY
CAPT. MARVEL, IN MY
OFFICE, AND CONVICTED
OF LARCENY!
G-GULP!



BUT WAIT! THE BOOK HAS GIVEN ME
JUST THE WARNING I NEED! HERE'S
WHERE THE NIGHT JAWDICE KEEPS HIS
WORK CLOTHES! THEY'LL MAKE A
PERFECT DISGUISE!



MOST STARTLING OF ALL IS THE PUBLICATION DATE OF THE NEWS BOOK!

IT WAS PRINTED IN THE MONTHS, 1937, INSTEAD OF 1917 IN THE FIRST!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HOW COULD A BOOK, PRINTED 20 YEARS FROM NOW, EXIST TODAY? AND WHY IS IT OLD AND CRUMBY?

WHERE DID YOU FIND THE BOOK? THE ANSWER, MAAT-LIB THERE! GIVE ME DIRECTIONS!



LATER, BACK IN THE WILD FOREST WHERE THE PROFESSOR FIRST FOUND THE BOOK...

HERE ARE THE REMAINS WHERE I FOUND THE BOOK!

RUINS! THIS IS THE WRECK OF SOME KIND OF PLANE! LOOK! THE PILOT DIED AT THE CONTROLS, WHEN HE CRASHED!



THE NOTEBOOK WAS AMONG THE BONES! IT'S THE MAN'S PERSONAL RECORD! HE LIVED IN 1917, IT SAYS! HE INVENTED A TIME-TRIP, AND WENT BACK IN TIME TO 1937!



NOW I SEE WHAT HAPPENED! HE GOT BACK TO 1937 ALL RIGHT... BUT THE SHIP CRASHED WHEN HE ARRIVED! HE WAS KILLED! SO HIS BONES AND THE WRECK HAVE BEEN MOLDERING AWAY HERE, IN THE FOREST, SINCE 1937!

SO THAT'S WHY THE BOOK OF PROPHECY SEEMED ANCIENT... BECAUSE IT WAS ACTUALLY 46 YEARS OLD!



BUT OF COURSE IT'S NOT A BOOK OF PROPHECY AT ALL! IT'S SIMPLY THE RECORD OF WHAT I DO IN 1936, WHICH WAS ALL OLD NEWS TO THE PEOPLE OF 1917! HE MUST HAVE ACQUIRED THE BOOK ALONG ONLY TO PROVE THAT HE ACTUALLY CAME FROM 1917!



AND SO, FOLKS, THE SO-CALLED BOOK OF PROPHECY TURNED OUT TO BE A BOOK FROM THE FUTURE, NOT THE PAST! - BUT NO MORE OF CAPT MARVEL'S EXPLOITS WILL BE KNOWN IN ADVANCE, BECAUSE VOLUNTEER ONE SWORE THEM! THE TIME-TRAVELER DON'T BRING ALONG THE BEST OF THE SET! AND CAPT MARVEL IS GLAD OF THAT!



HEY, FELLOWS,

HERE'S A MAGAZINE YOU'LL LIKE.
IT'S FILLED WITH MARVELS!



I mean MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED. It's my favorite magazine! It's packed with the newest exciting news about inventions, science, airplanes, boats, model-building... all the things you like

THAT STORY ABOUT THE ARMY'S JET PLANE - "I RIDE THE SHOOTING STAR" - WAS A HONEY

YOU FELLOWS WHO LIKE TO BUILD THINGS OR TAKE PICTURES WILL GET A LOT OF FUN OUT OF THE PLANS AND SUGGESTIONS IN MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED. THEY'RE EASY TO USE!

"Rocket to his Moon" was a wow of a story in Mechanix Illustrated... I read every word of it

Ask Mom and Dad to let you start your subscription today. Use this coupon now and save money.

Editor, Mechanix Illustrated Box 75
22 West Putnam Avenue,
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